



CHAPTER VI.—(Continued)

Her thoughts dwelt on Dr. Busatti, as the first young man in whose eyes she had ever read a dawning admiration. The purchase of the dress was distinctly traceable to such a source. She was accustomed to his presence, pondered on his words during his absence, and found it agreeable to watch for his return. Fickle Dolores! The unexpected intrusion of the young naval officer, Arthur Curzon, handsome, amiable and full of youthful animation, banished speedily preference for the sailor and thin Maltese physician. Her pulses still fluttered, as the blood coursed more rapidly through her veins, at the recollection of his visit. Should she ever see him again? Why not? Then, as her needle flew, her dream deepened. The Knight of Malta, in polished armor, would come to the garden gate in a golden chariot and lead her away. Are the knights all dead, and must the world grow so old and sad as to lose all faith in the actual existence of these splendid cavaliers? Stay! what was he like? Had she ever truly gazed upon his face?

She paused, with her needle uplifted, and her features contracted in meditation.

At this moment, Florio sprang up and uttered the most miniature of fierce canine barks.

Dolores glanced about her, with a little gasp of wonder.

Lieut. Curzon, after a preliminary rap pushed open the gate and entered the inclosure without ceremony. His face glowed with a smile of satisfaction, as his glance sought the girl, seated beside the fountain with her work.

Each paused in silence and gazed at the other, Dolores with indefinable apprehension, and the young man with an eagerness of which he was unconscious. The soul of the girl spoke through her eyes with an instinctive, appealing grace, and Lieut. Curzon was again thrilled through with an emotion that occasioned a quickened heart-throb beneath his uniform.

"Good day," he said, at length, advancing and extending his hand.

"Good day," replied Dolores, placing her small brown fingers on his brown palm, and dropping thimble and scissors in the act.

Florio growled, menacingly, and seized the boot of the intruder in his teeth.

"I trust your grandpapa is all right," continued the visitor, retaining the little hand in his grasp rather longer than ceremonious politeness exacted.

"Yes! thanks," demurely. "Shall I call him?"

"No! Give me another moment first."

"As many moments as you wish. You were so good to poor grandpapa that day, and gratitude brought a warm tide of rose color to the velvety cheek, a moisture to the brilliant eyes."

"Was I good?" He forgot his mission, and everything else in the world, except the piquant face before him, which fascinated him strangely.

"Very good," muttered the grandfather, producing the Moorish coin for his inspection.

"Did you come to see my Moorish coin?" he questioned abruptly of Lieut. Curzon, when his grandchild had finished.

"Yes," said the young man, with hypocritical alacrity. "I think of going in for that sort of thing, Mr. Deatry, during my stay at Malta, and making a collection."

"Very good," muttered the grandfather, producing the Moorish coin for his inspection.

Wounded pride made Dolores flash a reproachful glance at the officer, while her short upper lip curled scornfully.

"I would not buy a privilege," she said in a smothered tone, as the old man shuffled away in search of other relics, tempted by the yielding mood of the amateur collector.

"I would buy some privileges," he retorted, laughing.

She shook her head and approached him near. Her shoulder touched his arm.

"Why are old people so greedy for gold?" she inquired, seriously.

"They have learned the value of all earthly things, my child," said Arthur Curzon, with mature gravity.

"Will you become so horribly greedy when you are old?" pondered Dolores.

"Even more so," he said promptly.

"I do not believe it," she said, gazing up into his face intently.

Again the sailor drank deeply of the soul in the eyes of the girl.

When Jacob Deatry had yielded a half abstracted consent, the messenger of Mrs. Griffith departed.

Dolores ran to her own chamber, climbed on a chair and lifted down a green box, studded with brass nails, from a high shelf.

She raised the lid of the receptacle and drew forth a mantilla of black lace, a shell comb, a fan and a tiny pair of black satin slippers. A faint

perfume of sandalwood and orange flowers emanated from these treasures, which had belonged to her Spanish mother.

Was the faded green box destined to play the part of Pandora's casket, and scatter abroad, with the contents, the fairy shoes and the fan, confusion and trouble?

Then she put on the pink dress, and pausing before a small looking glass, audaciously severed the sleeves above the rounded elbows, and cut down the corsage.

She thus prepared the new robe for a most unexpected debut.

Attired to her satisfaction, Dolores sought the corridor, and paused before the portrait. She made a little genuflection, and held up a finger mockingly.

"Perhaps he is the Knight of Malta after all," she said aloud.

The cavalier of the picture was mute, somber, threatening, in the obscurity of the old Watch Tower.

CHAPTER VII.
THE SWALLOW WALTZ.

HE OLD PALAZZO of the Strada Zecca, occupied by Gen. Griffith and his family, was brilliantly lighted on the evening.

A massive lantern above the entrance shed a ray on the scutcheon of the Order of the Knights of St. John; while within the vestibule, trophies of the cavaliers, helmet, pike, halbert, and sword, were still grouped on the walls.

The visitor who passed under the arch of the portal on this occasion, found himself in an atmosphere redolent of the sweetness of flowers, and surrounded by those elements of life in which European and Oriental influences were curiously blended.

The colonnades of the mansion were illuminated with pendant clusters of eastern lamps, alternating with the cool and fragrant shadow of clumps of palms and jessamine, and the rippling splash of a fountain was audible in the center of the adjacent court, while Turkish rugs and cushions, exhaling musk and amber from their folds, were placed in convenient embrasures between the columns, as if inviting to that tranquil repose suggestive of the inseparable accompaniment of a pipe of perfumed tobacco, a gilded tray of sweetmeats, coffee, or sherbet, served on bent knee by one of those Nubian slaves in jeweled turban and silken tunic still to be found, in mute effigy, in Venetian places. Surely a beauty of the harem, in embroidered vestments, would peep from the shelter of yonder screen of lattice of arabesque carving, or glide down the marble steps on the left! Instead, the intruder jostled a stiff, English servant carrying tea, came unexpectedly upon a group of officers in brilliant uniform lingering at a buffet, or was surrounded by a bevy of ladies in toilettes bearing the imprint of Paris and London make.

The hostess received her royal guest at the entrance of the first sala, a gracious presence in a robe of cream-colored moire antique over pistachio green satin, with fair arms and shoulders revealed by a corsage of golden tracery, studded with opals.

The young prince, pale, slender and beardless, with heavy-lidded eyes, and a languid utterance, was a modern Telemachus, escorted by Mentor in the person of Gen. Lubomirsky, with a bristling, white mustache, a la militaire, and several orders attached to the breast of his uniform.

As such Mrs. Griffith wished to welcome the grand duke.

Telemachus was conducted by his host through several rooms, where myriads of lights were reflected on mirrors, and a profusion of flowers, arranged in banks and masses, with a background of tree ferns and tall plants, with variegated leaves, formed a miniature garden, to a gilded arm chair placed in the center of a large and lofty apartment. The prince, seated here, and surrounded by an expectant company, was required to contemplate a dark curtain, draped with Russian and British flags, until such time as the drapery was drawn aside, revealing a tiny stage.

The scene, arranged with admirable artistic effect, represented a margin of shore and rocks, with tropical vegetation. In the background was visible the entrance of a grotto, half concealed by a drooping vine.

The hostess, personating Calypso, in a classical mantle and robe of ivory-white tints, with a soft crepe peplum, embroidered in a Greek pattern, and her abundant dark hair gathered in a knot at the back of the head, pushed aside the vine, emerging from the grotto, and extending her hand with a smile to the grand duke, said in a musical voice:

"Telemachus, venez dans ma demeure, on je vous recevrai comme mon fils."

"Malta was the island of Calypso," said the prince, when the curtain had fallen.

"Yes. Let us respect all myths at such a moment," added Gen. Lubomirsky.

When the mimic stage again became visible, three pictures, divided by a seemingly massive frame, occupied the space.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHISKY IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY.

He Can Keep His Own People Sober, but the Whites Give Him Trouble.

King Khama, of the Bechuanaland, South Africa, has long been known for his antipathy to liquor dealers. Perhaps there is no other country where liquor is so rigorously excluded, says the New York Sun. Khama makes all his own laws, and he endeavors to have the punishment fit the crime; and as the drink habit, in his opinion, is a crime little less heinous than murder, it goes hard with the unfortunate subject who is seen to be unsteady on his legs or is caught with a surreptitious whisky bottle. Of late years, however, the king has been having a great deal of trouble with the white men who flock into his country and insist that interference with their potations is an infringement of their rights. A short time ago, Khama, who is getting well along in life, paid a visit to Cape Town and made his first acquaintance with a railroad, a steamship, the sea and other wonderful things. While in the capital he received a deputation from the various temperance societies, and to these kindred spirits he poured out his grievances. His language shows that he does not approve of all features of the "higher civilization." He said:

"I greatly rejoice in your words, my friends. I have no difficulty in keeping liquor from my own people, but my difficulty is that the white people will have liquor, and I do not know how I am to succeed in carrying out the law. I have been almost in despair on the subject on account of this; but, so far as my own people are concerned, I never will give in. I began when I was quite a boy and determined that I would have nothing to do with liquor, and one of my indunas present, who is an older man than myself, is one of those who have supported me in this matter; and I have others who are faithful to me and who are doing their very utmost to assist me in the entire prohibition of liquor in our country. The one difficulty is that we have white people there who have another government, and I cannot control them. I feel that I shall go back much stronger and greatly cheered and comforted by your words."

"SINGING AS THEY TOIL."

The Darkies Retain a Custom Which Has Been Given Up by the Italians.

A reader of the Sun interested in its recent remarks about the cheerfulness and good temper of colored people in general, has sent a letter to the office upon the subject. He says:

"Everywhere that I saw darkies at work during my tour in the south they seemed much happier than our northern workers. The colored navvies that I saw on the east coast of Florida and the colored men at work in the phosphate mines of South Carolina nearly always sang as they worked. But who is there that ever knew of a gang of Italian railroad hands singing as they wielded the implements of labor?"

So far the Sun's correspondent. It is a curious fact that in Italy itself the old custom of singing while toiling has been given up by the people. The well-known woman who writes under the signature of "Guida" makes reference to the change which has taken place in this respect in an article published in the last number of the Nineteenth Century. She says:

"Twenty years ago in Italy melody was to be heard all over the country. The laborer going through the vines sang his sternerello or his rispetto to the sleeping fields. The boy who drove his yoked oxen or cows in the big square cart beguiled the way with song, joyous or amorous. The guitar and the mandolin were heard at dusk at every farmhouse door and in the streets of the town youths went singing and playing till the moon was high. There was music all over the land, along the hedgerows as in the city lanes, under the poplars and mulberries at beneath the walls of citadel and baptistry. How many a time at sunset or in the starlight have I listened to the beautiful canzone of the peasantry when the sweetness of the vine flower filled the atmosphere or the dropped acacia blossom shed its smell on garden paths. Now rarely are those wood notes wild ever heard to lighten and spiritualize toil."

His Verse.

Some years ago when I was a pastor in the town of Waynesboro, a tramp was found dead under a haystack on the outskirts of the settlement, with an empty bottle labeled "Laudanum" at his side. A German being in the town, and learning of it, was greatly exercised over it. Upon his return home, he said to his wife, "Der was a man come to de town. He got some laudanum in de drug store. He crawled under de haystack, and drank de laudanum. Den he went to sleep, and ven he wakes up, he vas dead."

Must Be Wise.

A very wise head rests on the shoulders of Uncle Bill Safety, a colored gardener, of Birmingham, Ala. He says: "I works de white folks' gardens in March, an' I don't work my own garden till April; an' den I sell dese same white folks their first vegetables."

Passing of the Bible.

Witnesses in Pennsylvania courts will not be required hereafter to kiss the Bible when being sworn. This change is in the interest of health, to prevent the dissemination of microbes and other unwholesome things.

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HUTCHISON, KANSAS.

ARE BIRDS GUIDED BY STARS?

An Attempt to Solve the Great Mystery of Bird Migration.

In an article on "Birds of Passage" the Chautauquan says if one desires an explanation for the great mystery of bird migration, there being nothing else that will answer, he will have to accept the theory of hereditary knowledge, a knowledge of the unfailing stars. The Great Bear and Orion appeared at the same time in our region, even when the divisions of land and water were very different than they are today. That the stars are the guides of birds agrees with the fact that they fly at remarkable heights, often above the clouds, and that wanderers lose their way when they stray into clouds and mists. On starlight nights straggling birds are seldom noticed. When the sky is overcast, when the night is dark, but especially when a fine rain is falling, multitudes of traveling birds are heard. They will call often, doubtless for the purpose of keeping near each other; and often great numbers of them bound against the windows of lighthouses. Thus Gatzke has observed that on Oct. 28, 1882, from 10 o'clock at night till the next morning golden-crested wrens bumped like snowflakes against the lighthouse of Heligoland, and that on the following day golden-crested wrens sat on every square foot of Heligoland. Toward the end of the summer, along into the fall, it was not a rare occurrence on dark nights to see, through the light of street lamps, birds flying over inland cities. The experienced observer recognizes by its call the curlew and the strand-snipe, sea-swallow and seagull, occasionally hears even the flap of their wings. But no bird is visible in the darkness. On dark nights no stars appear; then it is that the straying bird loses his way. The stars are the most plausible guides to birds in their migrations. But only the future can tell us whether they really serve in that capacity.

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Property in Land. A Passage at arms between the Duke of Argyll and Henry George. Paper, 10 cents. Cloth, 15 cents. "The Property in Land" by the Duke of Argyll. From the Nineteenth Century for April, 1884. II. The Solution to Land. By Henry George. From the Nineteenth Century for July, 1884.

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